The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Jesse Purvy of the Hollman clan has been shot and Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting breaks the truce in the Hollman-South feud. Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. Samson thrashes Tamarack Spicer and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purvy. Samson tells the South clan that he is going to leave the mountains. Lescott goes home to New York. Samson bids Spicer and Sally farewell and follows. In New York Samson studies art and learns much of city ways. Drennie Lescott persuades Wilfred Horton, her dilettante lover, to do a man's work in the world. Prompted by her love, Sally teaches herself to write. Horton throws himself into the business world and becomes well-hated by predatory financiers and politicians. At a Bohemian resort Samson meets William Farbish, sporty social parasite, and Horton's enemy. Farbish conspires with others to make Horton jealous, and succeeds. Farbish brings Horton and Samson together at the Kenmore club's shooting lodge, and forces an open rupture, expecting Samson to kill Horton and so rid the political and financial thugs of the crusader. Samson exposes the plot and thrashes the conspirators. Samson is advised by his teachers to turn to portrait painting. Drennie commissions him to paint her portrait. Sally goes to school. Samson goes to Paris to study.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"No," she said, "we haven't done that, yet. I guess we won't. . . . I think he'd rather stay outside, Wilfred. If I was sure I loved him, and that he loved me, I'd feel like a cheat—there is the other girl to think of. . . . And, besides, I'm not sure what I want myself. . . . But I'm horribly afraid I'm going to end by losing you both."

Horton stood silent. It was tea time, and from below came the strains of the ship's orchestra. A few ulster-muffled passengers gloomily paced the deck.

"You won't lose us both, Drennie," he said, steadily. "You may lose your choice—but, if you find yourself able to fall back on substitutes, I'll be there, waiting."

For once he did not meet her scrutiny, or know of it. His own eyes were fixed on the slow swing of heavy, gray-green waters. He was smiling, but it is as a man smiles when he confronts despair and pretends that everything is quite all right. The girl looked at him with a choke in her throat.

"Wilfred," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "I'm not worth worrying over. Really, I'm not. If Samson South proposed to me today, I know that I should refuse him. I am not at all sure that I am the least little bit in love with him. Only, don't you see I can't be quite sure I'm not? It would be horrible if we all made a mistake. May I have till Christmas to make up my mind for all time? I'll tell you then, dear, if you care to wait."

CHAPTER XIII.

Tamarack Spicer sat on the top of a box car, swinging his legs over the side. He was clad in overalls, and in the pockets of his breeches reposed a bulging flask of red liquor, and an unbulging pay envelope. Tamarack had been "railroading" for several months this time. He had made a new record for sustained effort and industry, but now June was beckoning him to the mountains with vagabond yearnings for freedom and leisure. Many things had invited his soul. Almost four years had passed since Samson had left the mountains, and in four years a woman can change her mind. Sally might, when they met on the road, greet him once more as kinsman and agree to forget his faulty method of courtship. This time he would be more diplomatic. Yesterday he had gone to the boss and "called for his time." Today he was paid off, and a free lance.

As he reflected on these matters a fellow-trainman came along the top of the car and sat down at Tamarack's side. This brakeman had also been recruited from the mountains, though from another section—over toward the Virginia line.

"So yer quittin'?" observed the newcomer.

Spicer nodded.

"Goin' back thar on Misery?"

Again Tamarack answered with a jerk of his head.

"I've been layin' off ter tell ye somethin', Tam'rack."

"Cut her loose."

"I laid over in Hixon last week, an' some fellers that used ter know my mother's folks took me down in the cellar of Hollman's store, an' give me some licker."

"What of hit?"

"They was talkin' 'bout you."

"What did they say?"

"I seen that they was enemies of yours, an' they wasn't in no good humor, so, when they axed me ef I knowed ye, I 'lowed I didn't know nothin' good about ye. I had ter cuss ye out, or git in trouble myself."

Tamarack cursed the whole Hollman tribe, and his companion went on:

"Jim Asberry was thar. He 'lowed they'd found out thet you'd done shot Purvy thet time, an' he said"—the brakeman paused to add emphasis to his conclusion—"thet the next time ye come home, he 'lowed ter git ye plumb shore."

Tamarack scowled.

"Much obleeged," he replied.

At Hixon Tamarack Spicer strolled along the street toward the courthouse. He wished to be seen. So long as it was broad daylight and he displayed no hostility, he knew he was safe—and he had plans.

Standing before the Hollman store were Jim Asberry and several companions. They greeted Tamarack affably and he paused to talk.

"Ridin' over ter Misery?" inquired Asberry.

"'Lowed I mout as well."

"Mind ef I rides with ye es fur es Jesse's place?"

"Plumb glad ter have company," drawled Tamarack.

They chatted of many things, and traveled slowly, but, when they came to those narrows where they could not ride stirrup to stirrup each jockeyed for the rear position, and the man who found himself forced into the lead turned in his saddle and talked back over his shoulder, with wary, though seemingly careless, eyes. Each knew the other was bent on his murder.

At Purvy's gate Asberry waved farewell and turned in. Tamarack rode on, but shortly he hitched his horse in the concealment of a hollow, walled with huge rocks, and disappeared into the laurel.

He began climbing, in a crouched position, bringing each foot down noiselessly and pausing often to listen. Jim Asberry had not been outwardly armed when he left Spicer. But, soon, the brakeman's delicately attuned ears caught a sound that made him lie flat in the lee of a great log, where he was masked in clumps of flowering rhododendron. Presently Asberry passed him, also walking cautiously, but hurriedly, and cradling a Winchester rifle in the hollow of his arm. Then Tamarack knew that Asberry was taking this cut to head him off and waylay him in the gorge a mile away by road but a short distance only over the hill. Spicer held his heavy revolver cocked in his hand, but it was too near the Purvy house to risk a shot. He waited a moment, and then, rising, went on noiselessly with a snarling grin, stalking the man who was stalking him.

Asberry found a place at the foot of a huge pine where the undergrowth would cloak him. Twenty yards below ran the creek-bed road, returning from its long horseshoe deviation. When he had taken his position his faded butternut clothing matched the earth as inconspicuously as a quail matches dead leaves, and he settled himself to wait. Slowly and with infinite caution his intended victim stole down, guarding each step, until he was in short and certain range, but, instead of being at the front, he came from the back. He, also, lay flat on his stomach and raised the already cocked pistol. He steadied it in a two-handed grip against a tree trunk and trained it with deliberate care on a point to the left of the other man's spine just below the shoulder blades.

Then he pulled the trigger! He did not go down to inspect his work. It was not necessary. The instantaneous fashion with which the head of the ambuscader settled forward on its face told him all he wanted to know. He slipped back to his horse, mounted and rode fast to the house of Spicer South, demanding asylum.

The next day came word that if Tamarack Spicer would surrender and stand trial in a court dominated by the Hollmans the truce would continue. Otherwise the "war was on."

The Souths flung back this message: "Come and git him."

But Hollman and Purvy, hypocritically clamoring for the sanctity of the law, made no effort to come and "git him." They knew that Spicer South's house was now a fortress, prepared for siege. They knew that every trail thither was picketed. Also, they knew a better way. This time they had the color of the law on their side. The circuit judge, through the sheriff, asked for troops and troops came. Their tents dotted the river bank below the Hixon bridge. A detail under a white flag went out after Tamarack Spicer. The militia captain in command, who feared neither feudist nor death, was courteously received. He had brains, and he assured them that he acted under orders which could not be disobeyed. Unless they surrendered the prisoner, gatling guns would follow. If necessary they would be dragged behind ox teams. Many militiamen might be killed, but for each of them the state had another. If Spicer would surrender, the officer would guarantee him personal protection, and, if it seemed necessary, a change of venue would secure him trial in another circuit. For hours the clan deliberated. For the soldiers they felt no enmity. For the young captain they felt an instinctive liking. He was a man.

Old Spicer South, restored to an echo of his former robustness by the call of action, gave the clan's verdict.

"Hit hain't the co'te we're skeered of. Ef this boy goes ter town he won't never git into no co'te. He'll be murdered."

The officer held out his hand.

"As man to man," he said, "I pledge you my word that no one shall take him except by process of law. I'm not working for the Hollmans or the Purvys. I know their breed."

For a space old South looked into the soldier's eyes and the soldier looked back.

"I'll take yore handshake on thet bargain," said the mountaineer, gravely. "Tam'rack," he added, in a voice of finality, "ye've got ter go."

The officer had meant what he said. He marched his prisoner into Hixon at the center of a hollow square, with muskets at the ready. And yet, as the boy passed into the courthouse yard, with a soldier rubbing elbows on each side, a cleanly aimed shot sounded from somewhere. The smokeless powder told no tale, and with blue shirts and army hats circling him, Tamarack fell and died.

That afternoon one of Hollman's henchmen was found lying in the road with his lifeless face in the water of the creek. The next day, as old Spicer South stood at the door of his cabin, a rifle barked from the hillside, and he fell, shot through the left shoulder by a bullet intended for his heart. All this while the troops were helplessly camped at Hixon. They had power and inclination to go out and get men, but there was no man to get.

The Hollmans had used the soldiers as far as they wished; they had made them pull the chestnuts out of the fire and Tamarack Spicer out of his stronghold. They now refused to swear out additional warrants.

A detail had rushed into Hollman's store an instant after the shot which killed Tamarack was fired. Except for

"Tam'rack, Ye've Got to Go."

a woman buying a card of buttons and a fair-haired clerk waiting on her, they found the building empty.

Back beyond, the hills were impenetrable, and answered no questions.

Old Spicer South would ten years ago have put a bandage on his wound and gone about his business, but now he tossed under his patchwork quilt, and Brother Spencer expressed grave doubts for his recovery. With his counsel unavailable Wile McCager, by common consent, assumed something like the powers of a regent and took upon himself the duties to which Samson should have succeeded.

That a Hollman should have been able to elude the pickets and penetrate the heart of South territory to Spicer South's cabin was both astounding and alarming. The war was on without question now, and there must be council. Wile McCager had sent out a summons for the family heads to meet that afternoon at his mill. It was Saturday—"mill day"—and in accordance with ancient custom the lanes would be more traveled than usual.

Those men who came by the wagon road afforded no unusual spectacle, for behind each saddle sagged a sack of grain. Their faces bore no stamp of unwonted excitement, but every man balanced a rifle across his pommel. None the less, their purpose was grim, and their talk when they had gathered was to the point.

Old McCager, himself sorely perplexed, voiced the sentiment that the others had been too courteous to express. With Spicer South bed-ridden and Samson a renegade, they had no adequate leader. McCager was a solid man of intrepid courage and honesty, but grinding grist was his vocation, not strategy and tactics. The enemy had such masters of intrigue as Purvy and Judge Hollman.

Then a lean sorrel mare came jogging into view, switching her fly-bitten tail, and on the mare's back, urging him with a long, leafy switch, sat a woman. Behind her sagged the two loaded ends of a corn sack. She was lithe and slim, and her violet eyes were profoundly serious, and her lips were as resolutely set as Joan of Arc's might have been, for Sally Miller had come only ostensibly to have her corn ground to meal. She had really come to speak for the absent chief, and she knew that she would be met with derision. The years had sobered the girl, but her beauty had increased, though it was now a chastened type, which gave her a strange and rather exalted refinement of expression.

Wile McCager came to the mill door as she rode up and lifted the sack from her horse.

"Howdy, Sally?" he greeted.

"Tol'able, thank ye," said Sally. "I'm goin' ter get off."

As she entered the great half-lighted room, where the mill stones creaked on their cumbersome shafts, the hum of discussion sank to silence. The girl nodded to the mountaineers gathered in conclave, then, turning to the miller, she announced:

"I'm going to send for Samson."

The statement was at first met with dead silence, then came a rumble of indignant dissent, but for that the girl was prepared, as she was prepared for the contemptuous laughter which followed.

"I reckon if Samson was here," she said, dryly, "you all wouldn't think it was quite so funny."

Old Caleb Wiley spat through his bristling beard, and his voice was a quavering rumble.

"What we wants is a man. We hain't got no use fer no traitors thet's too almighty damn busy doin' fancy work ter stand by their kith an' kin."

"That's a lie!" said the girl, scornfully. "There's just one man living that's smart enough to match Jesse Purvy—an' that one man is Samson. Samson's got the right to lead the Souths, and he's going to do it—ef he wants to."

"Sally," Wile McCager spoke, soothingly, "don't go gittin' mad. Caleb talks hasty. We knows ye used ter be Samson's gal, an' we hain't aimin' ter hurt yore feelin's. But Samson's done left the mountings. I reckon ef he wanted ter come back, he'd a-come afore now. Let him stay whar he's at."

"Whar is he at?" demanded old Caleb Wiley, in a truculent voice.

"That's his business," Sally flashed back, "but I know. All I want to tell you is this. Don't you make a move till I have time to get word to him. I tell you, he's got to have his say."

"I reckon we hain't a-goin' ter wait," sneered Caleb, "fer a feller thet won't let hit be known whar he's a-sojournin' at. Ef ye air so shore of him, why won't yet tell us whar he is now?"

"That's my business, too." Sally's voice was resolute. "I've got a letter here—it'll take two days to get to Samson. It'll take him two or three days more to get here. You've got to wait a week."

"Sally," the temporary chieftain spoke still in a patient, humoring sort of voice, as to a tempestuous child, "thar hain't no place ter mail a letter nigher then Hixon. No South can't ride inter Hixon, an' ride out again. The mail carrier won't be down this way fer two days yit."

"I'm not askin' any South to ride into Hixon. I recollect another time when Samson was the only one that would do that," she answered, still scornfully. "I didn't come here to ask favors. I come to give orders—for him. A train leaves soon in the morning. My letter's goin' on that train."

"Who's goin' ter take hit ter town fer ye?"

"I'm goin' to take it for myself." Her reply was, given as a matter of course.

"That wouldn't hardly be safe, Sally," the miller demurred; "this hain't no time fer a gal ter be galavantin' around by herself in the night time. Hit's a-comin up ter storm, an' ye've got thirty miles ter ride, an' thirty-five back ter yore house."

"I'm not scared," she replied. "I'm goin' an' I'm warnin' you now, if you do anything that Samson don't like, you'll have to answer to him, when he comes." She turned, walking very erect and dauntless to her sorrel mare, and disappeared at a gallop.

"I reckon," said Wile McCager, breaking silence at last, "hit don't make no great dif'rence. He won't hardly come, nohow." Then, he added: "But thet boy is smart."

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Samson's return from Europe, after a year's study, was in the nature of a moderate triumph. With the art sponsorship of George Lescott and the social sponsorship of Adrienne, he found that orders for portraits, from those who could pay munificently, seemed to seek him. He was tasting the novelty of being lionized.

That summer Mrs. Lescott opened her house on Long Island early, and the life there was full of the sort of gayety that comes to pleasant places when young men in flannels and girls in soft summery gowns and tanned cheeks are playing wholesomely and singing tunefully and making love—not too seriously.

Samson, tremendously busy these days in a new studio of his own, had run over for a week. Horton was, of course, of the party, and George Lescott was doing the honors as host.

One evening Adrienne left the dancers for the pergola, where she took refuge under a mass of honeysuckle.

Samson South followed her. She saw him coming, and smiled. She was contrasting this Samson, loosely clad in flannels, with the Samson she had first seen rising awkwardly to greet her in the studio.

"You should have stayed inside and made yourself agreeable to the girls," Adrienne reproved him, as he came up. "What's the use of making a lion of you, if you won't roar for the visitors?"

"I've been roaring," laughed the man. "I've just been explaining to Miss Willoughby that we only eat the people we kill in Kentucky on certain days of solemn observance and sacrifice. I wanted to be agreeable to you, Drennie, for a while.

"Do you ever find yourself homesick, Samson, these days?"

The man answered with a short laugh. Then his words came softly, and not his own words, but those of one more eloquent:

"'Who hath desired the sea? Her excellent loneliness rather
Than the forecourts of kings, and her uttermost pits than the streets where men gather. . . .
His sea that his being fulfills?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen desire their hills.'"

"And yet," she said, and a trace of the argumentative stole into her voice, "you haven't gone back."

"No." There was a note of self-reproach in his voice. "But soon I shall go. At least, for a time. I've been thinking a great deal lately about 'my fluttered folk and wild.' I'm just beginning to understand my relation to them, and my duty."

"Your duty is no more to go back there and throw away your life," she found herself instantly contending, "than it is the duty of the young eagle, who has learned to fly, to go back to the nest where he was hatched."

"But, Drennie," he said, gently, "suppose the young eagle is the only one that knows how to fly—and suppose he could teach the others? Don't you see? I've only seen it myself for a little while."

"What is it that—that you see now?"

"I must go back, not to relapse, but to come to be a constructive force. I must carry some of the outside world to Misery. I must take to them, because I am one of them, gifts that they would reject from other hands."

From the house came the strains of an alluring waltz. For a little time they listened without speech, then the girl said very gravely:

"You won't—you won't still feel bound to kill your enemies, will you, Samson?"

The man's face hardened.

"I believe I'd rather not talk about that. I shall have to win back the confidence I have lost. I shall have to take a place at the head of my clan by proving myself a man—and a man by their own standards. It is only at their head that I can lead them. If the lives of a few assassins have to be forfeited I shan't hesitate at that. I shall stake my own against them fairly. The end is worth it."

The girl breathed deeply, then she heard Samson's voice again:

"Drennie, I want you to understand that if I succeed it is your success. You took me raw and unfashioned, and you have made me. There is no way of thanking you."

"There is a way," she contradicted. "You can thank me by feeling just that way about it."

"Then I do thank you."

The next afternoon Adrienne and Samson were sitting with a gayly chattering group at the side lines of the tennis courts.

"When you go back to the mountains, Samson," Wilfred was suggesting, "we might form a partnership. 'South, Horton & Co., Development of Coal and Timber.' There are millions in it."

"Five years ago I should have met you with a Winchester rifle," laughed the Kentuckian. "Now I shall not."

"I'll go with you, Horton, and make a sketch or two," volunteered George Lescott, who had just then arrived from town. "And, by the way, Samson, here's a letter that came for you just as I left the studio."

The mountaineer took the envelope with a Hixon postmark, and for an instant gazed at it with a puzzled expression. It was addressed in a feminine hand, which he did not recognize. It was careful, but perfect, writing, such as one sees in a school copybook. With an apology he tore the covering and read the letter. Adrienne, glancing at his face, saw it suddenly pale and grow as set and hard as marble.

Samson's eyes were dwelling with only partial comprehension on the script. This is what he read:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TAKE DISEASE FROM WHITES

Tuberculosis Among Alaskan Indians Has Been Laid at the Door of the "Paleface."

The great prevalence of all forms of tuberculosis among the Alaskan Indians, as proved by a report by Dr. Emil Krulish, is explained by the Journal of the American Medical Association as follows:

"Tuberculosis is a comparatively new infection among Indians, bestowed upon them by the benevolent paleface along with firewater and certain other blessings of civilization. Among these blessings must probably be counted scarlet fever, measles, influenza, whooping cough and diphtheria. Not yet possessing the racial immunity which it takes many generations to acquire, the poor Indian suffers from them in greater degree than does the white, and more frequently dies of them. Then there are the overcrowding and the unsanitary conditions prevailing in most of the homes of tuberculosis sufferers; while at least this much good arises from their misfortune that after the disease is well developed in them its progress (unless they are well cared for) is rapid, and death removes what would otherwise remain a menacing focus of infection."

Tuberculosis was one of the chief causes of the dying out of the Indians all over North America.

Two Famous Names.

"Thomas Atkins" is a newcomer compared with "Jack Tar" of the senior service. "Jack Tar" as a nickname for a sailor is first recorded in 1786, but sailors were known as "tars" for more than a hundred years before that. The name already appears in literature in the latter half of the seventeenth century. "Tar" may be short for "tarpaulin." Sailors were called "tarpaulins" early in the seventeenth century. Tarpaulin, of course, is canvas tarred to make it waterproof, and the sailors' hat made of that material, something like a sou'-wester, was called a tarpaulin. However that may be, British sailors have been "honest tars," "jolly tars" and "gallant tars" for 200 years. There is more steel and oil about a modern battleship than tarry rope, perhaps, but probably Jack will remain Jack Tar for another hundred years yet.—Manchester Guardian.

First English Newspaper.

The first newspaper printed in the English language, with its old English type and its quaint account of events in foreign countries, was a pamphlet issued in 1621. Its title, "Corrant or Nevves from Italie, Germanie, France, and other places," is as curious as its contents. For many years it had been supposed that no copy of the Corrant was in existence, but recently a copy of this interesting document was discovered.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock, Grain and General Farm Produce.

Live Stock.

DETROIT—Cattle: Receipts, 636; market dull; best heavy steers, $7.50@8; best handy weight butcher steers, $7@7.50; mixed steers and heifers, $6.25@6.75; handy light butchers, $6@6.50; best cows, $5.50@6; butcher cows, $4.75@6.25; common cows, $4.25@4.50; canners, $5@4; best heavy bulls, $6.25@6.50; bologna bulls, $5.25@6; stock bulls, $4.50@5.

Veal calves: Receipts, 213; market steady; best, $10@10.50; others, $7@9.50.

Sheep and lambs: Receipts, 3,068; market for sheep strong; one extra fancy bunch of lights brought $5.40; lambs steady; several loads of the late arrivals left over; best lambs, $7.85@7.90; fair lambs, $7@7.35; light to common lambs, $6.50@7; heavy lambs, $6.75@7; fair to good sheep, $4.50@5.40; culls and common, $3@4.

Hogs: Receipts, 5,532; market 15@20c lower than Tuesday; few extra fancy sold at $6.90, but bulk of sales were at $6.85.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts, 3,600; market opened steady to 10c higher, closed weak with the advance all lost; choice to prime steers, $8.50@8.85; fair to good, $7.75@8.25; plain, $7.25@7.50; choice heavy butcher steers, $8@8.25; fair to good, $7.50@7.75; best handy, $7.75@8; common to good, $6.25@7.50; yearlings, $7.75@8.75; prime heifers, $7.25@7.50; best butcher heifers, $7@7.35; common to good, $6@6.75; best fat cows, $6.25@6.60; good butcher cows, $5.50@6; medium to good, $4.75@5.50; cutters, $4.25@4.50; canners, $3.75@4; best bulls, $6.75@7; butchering bulls, $6@6.50; sausage bulls, $5.50@6; light bulls, $4.75@5.25.

Hogs: Receipts, 21,600; market 25 cents higher; heavy, $7.10@7.25; mediums, $7.15@7.30; yorkers, $7.25@7.40; pigs, $7.25@7.35.

Sheep: Receipts, 19,000; lambs 15@25c lower; sheep steady; top lambs, $8@8.15; yearling, $6.50@7; wethers, $6@6.25; ewes, $5@5.50.

Calves: Receipts, 800; market steady; $11.50@12; fair to good, $9.50@11; grassers, $4@4.50.

Grains, Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat: Cash No. 2 red, $1.42; May opened with a loss of 1-2c at $1.42, touched $1.41, moved up to $1.44, declined to $1.43 1-2 and closed at $1.45; July opened at $1.28, lost 1-2c, advanced to $1.29 1-2, declined to $1.29 and closed at $1.30; No. 1 white, $1.39.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 73 1-2c; No. 3 yellow, 1 car at 74c, 5 at 74 1-2c; No. 4 yellow, 73 1-2c.

Oats—Standard, 2 cars at 54 1-2c, 2 at 55c, closing at 55 1-2c; No. 3 white, 1 car at 54c, later quoted at 55c; No. 4 white, 54c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, $1.18.

Beans—Immediate, prompt and January shipment, $2.95; February, $3.05; May, $3.25.

Cloverseed—Prime spot, $9.50; March, $9.65; sample red, 25 bags at $9, 18 at $8.75, 12 at $8.50, 9 at $8; prime alsike, $9.30; sample alsike, 10 bags at $7.50, 5 at $8.

Timothy—Prime spot, $3.40.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, $16@16.50; standard timothy, $15@15.50; No. 2 timothy, $14@14.50; No. 1 mixed, $13@13.50; No. 2 mixed, $10@12; light mixed, $15@15.50; No. 1 clover, $13@13.50; No. 2 clover, $10@12; rye straw, $7.50@8; wheat and oat straw,, $7@7.50 per ton.

Flour—In one-eighth paper sacks, per 196 lb., jobbing lots: Best patent, $7.30; second patent, $7.10; straight, $6.50; spring patent, $7.50; rye flour, $6.50 per bbl.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, $26; standard middlings, $28; fine middlings, $32; coarse cornmeal, $30; cracked corn, $34; corn and oat chop, $27 per ton.

General Markets.

Apples—Jonathan, $3@3.50; Baldwin, $2.50@2.75; Greening, $2.75@3; Spy, $3@3.25; Steele Red, $3.50; Ben Davis, $1.50@2 per bbl.; Western apples, $1.50@1.70 per box; No. 2, 40@50c per bushel.

Cabbages—$1.75 per bbl.

Rabbits—$1.25 per doz.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 8 1-2c; heavy, 7@7 1-2c per lb.

Live Poultry—Spring chickens, 13c; heavy hens, 13c; No. 2 hens, 8c; old roosters, 9@10c; ducks, 13@14c; geese, 12@13c; turkeys, 16@17c per pound.

Dressed Calves—Fancy, 13@13 1-2c; common, $9@10c per lb.

Sweet Potatoes—Jersey kiln-dried, $1.50@1.60; hampers, $1.50.

Tomatoes—Hothouse, 20@25c per lb; Florida, $4@4.60 per crate and 90c per basket.

Honey—Choice to fancy new, white comb, 15@16; amber, 10@11c; extracted, 8@9c per lb.

Potatoes—Carlots, 30@33c per bu. in bulk and 36@40c per bu. in sacks; from store, 40@45c per bu.

Dressed Poultry—Chickens, 14@15c; hens, 13@14c; ducks, 14@15c; geese, 12@14c; turkeys, 20@21c per lb.

Cheese—Wholesale lots: Michigan flats, 14@14 1-2c; New York flats, 15 1-2@15 3-4c; brick, 14@14 1-2c; limburger, 15@16c; imported Swiss, 30@32c; domestic Swiss, 19@20c; long horns, 15@15 1-2c; daisies, 15@15 1-2c per lb.

Their Pastors' Faults.

Warden—So you got rid of your pastor?

Elder—Yes; he was a good man, but he was too dry in his preaching—always giving us a history of the Jews. But we don't like our new pastor much, either.

Warden—What's the matter with him?

Elder—Well, he preaches with tears in his voice all the time.

Warden—I see. The old pastor was too historical, and the new one too hysterical.

Where a pretty girl is concerned it doesn't take an egotist to make eyes.